

The Evening World

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WHAT ARE ALDERMEN FOR?

THE shooting of Rosenthal with its revelations of gang-gambler-police freemasonry has had one significant by-effect. It has piled further discredit, suspicion and infamy upon the New York taxicab.

What the novelist Arnold Bennett calls in his impressions of this city "the supreme mystery of the vices of the taxicab" may be applied to darker vices than exorbitant fares, rickety cabs and inadequate numbers.

Not only is it admitted that nearly all gangsters now work from taxicabs, but it has also been repeatedly pointed out that at least two hundred chauffeurs driving licensed taxicabs in this city are ex-convicts. A man familiar with the underworld counted a number of these known crooks in charge of taxicabs on Second avenue only a few nights ago. This means glaring and criminal neglect on the part of those responsible for city laws and ordinances.

The city cannot keep thugs from riding in motor cars. But the city can keep licensed taxicabs out of the hands of irresponsible, jail-bird drivers.

The Aldermen have made a timid and intermittent show of investigating taxicab rates and licenses. Weeks ago a committee of the Board held hearings at which the testimony showed not only the extortion practiced by the hotel-favored taxi companies, but also the ragged and ill-regulated state of the rest of the taxicab service.

The Aldermen promised much. They have done nothing. Now the Rosenthal case has made it plainer than ever that many of the taxicab drivers in this city are as crooked as the meters of their cabs. Who is responsible for these men? How long are they to be licensed to steal through the city streets—servants of thieves and murderers—prowling menaces to people who unwittingly ride with them?

The New York taxicab is deep in mud and disgrace. City ordinances are for the protection and service of citizens. What are Aldermen for?

TO PREVENT WIFE-BEATING.

IS A MAN who is kind to animals kind to his wife and children? The New York Woman's League for Animals is sure that he is. Accordingly the members of the league are starting illustrated lectures and prize essay contests in the east side schools and settlement houses to teach the children to know and love animals and so grow up gentle toward each other. The cat, the dog and the horse each get a separate lecture, while birds, animals at the zoo and animals in general are other topics. Afterward the children get prizes for the best essays on subjects suggested by the lectures.

"You don't find wife-beaters who are fond of pets and lovers of animals," declares the league.

The statement is somewhat sweeping. Yet the league is on the sunny side of the truth. In spite of a good many Bill Sykeses and their dogs, the average man who is fond of animals is more likely to be gentle to his human-folk. Just as fiddling Neros have somehow never discredited the charm of music in soothing the savage breast.

Interest in animals is one of the earliest and readiest responses obtainable from a child's mind. As a refining influence, where such influences must be few, perhaps none better repays cultivation. Moreover some of the children's essays show great observation and shrewdness. "The cat has sharp claws and walks very soft" is one of the most vital and pithy summaries of the animal that we have ever met.

TO SAVE WORK—DON'T MAKE IT.

AT LAST New York has got around to clean-up week. Most towns had it long ago in the spring and tried to start the habit for the summer. New York is late but determined.

Beginning to-day Boy Scouts and "white wings" will join forces, charge upon the litter and flying papers of the greater city, and fight it out until they can announce victory and the annihilation of the enemy. The Park Commissioner graciously approves the movement and offers to give the Scouts plenty to do in Central Park—which this newspaper has repeatedly urged as the best field for the boys' efforts.

But good as this scouring of the city may be in its way, its best work should be in arousing an instinct and habit among careless people to refrain from throwing away papers and refuse in public places in the first place. Don't make the litter. A heedless hand drops a newspaper and starts a muss that renders a whole block untidy for a day. A turn of the wrist, and a plate of decayed fruit flies through a window to make an unsightly and unsavory street. Correct the cause. Don't be satisfied with cleaning up the effect.

To the Boy Scouts and the "white wings"—good hunting. To everybody: Watch the good work and study how you can help. Make less of it to be done.

Letters From the People

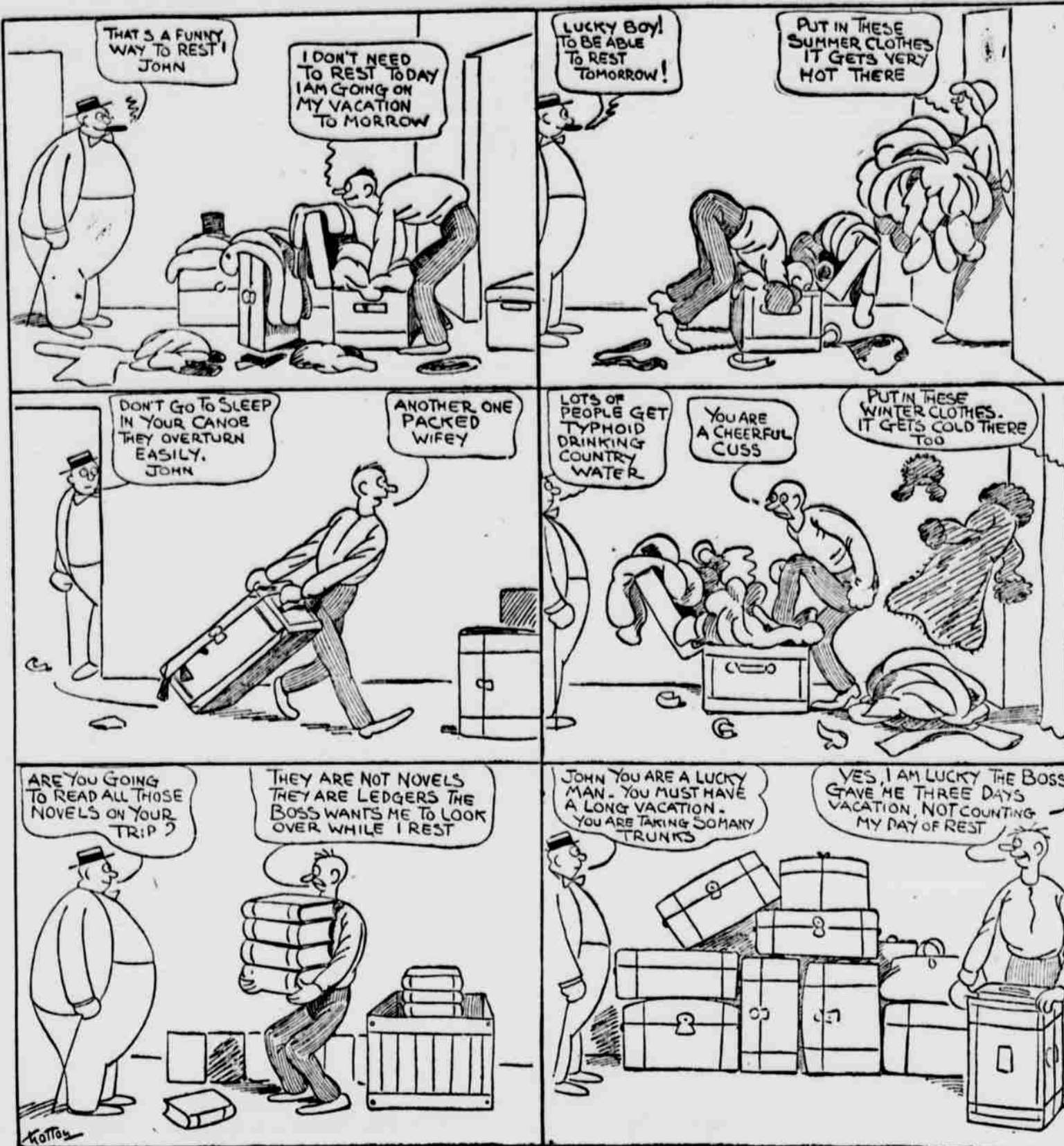
To Live on \$5 a Week.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A young man inquires in your columns if it is possible to live on \$5 a week, and wants some experienced person to advise him how it's to be done. As it is possible to live well on this sum—\$5 you know how easy I have done it on a little less. The first thing is to set aside \$1 or \$1.50 for a saving fund for reserve each week. Then secure a furnished room within walking distance of the office for \$2 weekly. The amount to spend for luncheons should never exceed 15 cents and for supper 20 cents, Sundays excepted. On this day two good \$5 cent meals should be purchased. Patronize quiet places that do not exact tips. For breakfast it is best to visit a delicatessen store and purchase a loaf of whole wheat bread or pumpernickel and a jar of peanut butter. Keep these stored away in a tin box of this

shelf. A few slices of pumpernickel with the nut butter generously spread over them make a sustaining and palatable meal. Occasionally a few bananas or ripe fruit in season will help vary the monotony of this breakfast, which hardly costs anything at all. A list of expenses will simplify matters. Laundry costs about 40 cents a week. Adding to this the approximate cost of breakfast at home brings the total to about \$5.50 per week. This leaves \$1.50 for amusements or incidentals, together with the reserve fund of \$1.50 previously mentioned. The latter will be needed for replenishing the wardrobe from time to time and should be kept intact and banked away. At a local Y. M. C. A. branch one can spend his evenings profitably and enjoy the privileges of a good reading room and library, gymnasium, swimming pool and make many desirable friendships.
V. L. K.

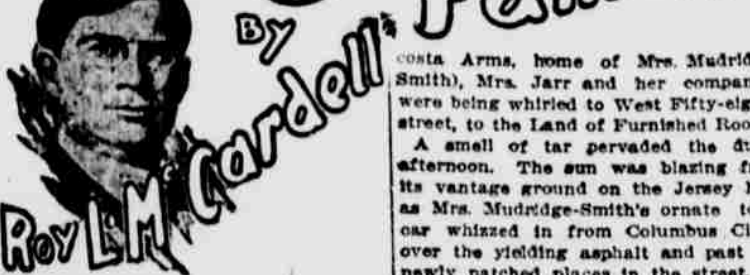
The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family



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"MY maid learned from Jack Silver's valet, who got it from his chauffeur, the address of La Superba, the Firefly Venus, whom Jack Silver is crazy enough to marry and ruin himself," said Mrs. Jarr. Mrs. Jarr's husband, as she powdered her nose in Mrs. Jarr's boudoir, "As there is no time like the present, let us go down and beg her not to do anything rash. It would be a marriage bringing unhappiness to both."
"Well, I know it's a fool's errand," said Mrs. Jarr, "and perhaps it's curiosity actuating us instead of conscience, but I'll put on my old blue serge skirt and a white shirtwaist and my black straw sailor and we'll take the street car."
"You'll put on your very best dress, and I'll send you some of my jewelry," said Mrs. Jarr. Mrs. Jarr's maid, "I'll have my town car take us, too. Do you think I'd give those people a chance to affront us? No; appearance is everything. And we'll overawe them from the very start!"
On consideration, this plan appealed to Mrs. Jarr. And soon, in her best finery (and, after stopping at the High-

Mrs. Jarr Sets Forth Upon an Errand of Merciless Mercy

with conspicuous blond hair were tilted back in chairs, giving generous displays of white stockings and white canvas shoes beneath short summer dresses of white duck, grass linen or thin wash goods.
"You can see where the stores sell some of the bargain day, ready-to-wear summer dresses," said Mrs. Jarr. Mrs. Jarr was too interested in watching this advance guard of the dwellers in the Land of Furnished Rooms. Some were reading evening papers, some absorbed in paper back novels, others sat with elbows on knees and chins in the palms of their hands, and talked with dapper young men, who toyed with elastic bamboo canes as they discussed the gossip of the off-

season in the show business.
Mrs. Jarr rightly surmised that when there were more shadows and perhaps more breeze at dusk all the blank faced houses along the street would exude more dapper young men—the latter with canes to bounce and twist.
The car stopped at a house, exactly like the rest of the row, in the middle of the block. And Mrs. Jarr, Mrs. Jarr pressed the electric push button with a determined hand. Again she rang, and again she rang. Finally a shuffling of feet was heard and a slatternly woman of forty opened the door.
"Why didn't you take your key?" she began, querulously, but seeing it was strangers, she said: "We got a parlor for you can have. Young fellow in there now, but he's got to settle and sit out, or sit out, anyway. No washing, no light housekeeping."
"We are not looking for furnished rooms," said Mrs. Jarr, "we are calling on Miss Birdie—ahem—Magpies!"
"Her mother's in," was the weary and disappointed reply. "Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!"
A door opened two flights above and a fat and wheezy voice answered:
"Is it the cleaner? Let him leave the things and bring his bill to-morrow. La Superba ain't in."
"It's parties to see you!" hawled back the door opener and she shuffled away. Mrs. Jarr and her friend passed over the small, dingy, frayed mat on the oily looking marble hall floor and by the scratched oak hall rack the seat of which was covered with letters and postcards addressed to different persons.
"Bring up any mail for Birdie like good sports!" called down La Superba's professional mother.
But the visitors, with noses elevated, did not deign to look for the Firefly Venus's correspondence and ascended with as much hauteur as they could command, facing a walk of two flights up.
"You ain't professional friends, air you? No, I'd a known you," said La Superba's alpaca mother, for she was arrayed in this material of crushed and dingy aspect.
"We are friends of Mrs. Silver—that is, I am—ahem—his sister," explained Mrs. Jarr. Mrs. Jarr's maid, "I'd say I'd be a sister to him," she whispered to Mrs. Jarr as their hostess proffered them seats by dumping a very thin cat and a very fat little dog out of two faded and spring-broken, overstuffed chairs.
The professional mother rolled up her eyes.
"You have come to part them fond hearts. I see it in your faces!" she growled. "Wait!" And she tottered over and poured herself a drink of colorless liquid.
"Now break the news! He ain't really got no money? He's four flushings!" she asked.



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The way of flirtation. Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long—from the same girl.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of modern life is that of a youth with no chin or income to speak of, or an old bachelor with no hair or morals to speak of, descending on the perfect combination of "Saint, sewing-machine and Circé" he might marry, if he could find her.

A man never will learn that when a woman has a headache she doesn't want a dose of medicine; and a woman never will learn that when a man has a toothache he doesn't want a dose of sentiment.

To be convincing, Cupid should be pictured with a pocketbook instead of a quiver on his back; nowadays it requires something more solid and up-to-date than a gilt paper arrow to touch the insulated modern heart.

A woman is seized with a cold panic at the thought of being still unmarried after her charms are gone; but she never can persuade a man that he won't be a thing of beauty and a decoy forever.

When a man begins to tell his love troubles to a girl, unless she is stone deaf she will hear Opportunity pounding at her door.

Alas! a man never will be able to understand the solid pleasure a woman takes in being miserable once in awhile.

How much did it cost to send home your big catch of fish? "Seventy-five cents expressage and my reputation for veracity."



Women Heartbreakers Of History

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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No. 29—QUEEN DRAGA OF SERBIA.

SERBIAN cattle dealer, Lunjowitza by name, had risen from poverty to comfortable fortune. And his beautiful daughter, Draga, planned from childhood to make far longer strides along the road to success. She fulfilled her plan to a far more dazzling extent than she had dreamed, though she paid for it with her life, she lived of others and with the existence of a royal dynasty.

In Draga's country many a peasant has risen to dizzy heights. The path is not as difficult as elsewhere. Serbia is a little "buffer state." (A buffer state between two great European powers serves much the same purpose as do the coop bars between two fighting cocks.) Serbia is about as large as Massachusetts and with a population scarcely equal to Indiana's, yet with a standing army 100,000 strong. Far larger than the standing army of the United States.

A swineherd named Karageorge helped wrench Serbia free from Turkey. Then another peasant named Obren had Karageorge murdered and seized the throne. A later Karageorgevitch (for descendant of Karageorge) snatched the throne from an Obrenovitch. Then, by assassination, the Obrenovitch again held the throne. And at last Milan Obrenovitch was king. The job carried an income of \$25,000 a year.

Milan married a Russian Colonel's daughter, Natalie Keshko. They had one son, a sturbon, degenerate youth named Alexander. Milan treated his wife so badly that she divorced him. He managed his country so badly that the Serbians deposed him. He abdicated in favor of his thirteen-year-old son Alexander.

Now, a buffer state is always alive with secret diplomatic plots on the part of other powers. Spies throng the court. And so it was in Serbia. The cleverest and most conspicuous of these spies was Alexander Draga Maschin. Long before his abduction Milan had made use of Draga's services as a spy. He had also done her the honor to fall very violently in love with her. But that was nothing unusual. For dozens of Serbian noblemen and foreign diplomats had already become enchanted by the cattle dealer's lovely daughter. She even, by judicious use of her fascinations, won an appointment as lady-in-waiting to Queen Natalie.

When Milan was kicked off the throne Draga turned her battery of charms to the enslaving of little Alexander. By the time the boy was fifteen he was her helpless slave. His mother in rage ordered Draga to leave the court. Draga, instead, used her bounding influence with the young king. And it was not she, but Natalie, who was killed.

As the years went on the King grew more and more hopelessly enamored of Draga. Her husband, in despair, killed himself. Draga was fifteen years older than Alexander. And she was beginning to lose her good looks. Yet she managed not only to hold her own against younger, fairer women, but to rule as uncorrupted Queen.

At last, in 1900, when she was thirty-nine and the King was twenty-four, Draga played her last and most daring card. She persuaded Alexander to marry her. The infatuated, easily fooled monarch, who had been rejected by almost every Princess in Europe, agreed. Milan, who was in Paris, heard of the proposed marriage and hastened to Serbia to prevent it. Alexander had him stopped at the frontier. And Draga became Queen of Serbia. Truly the cattle-dealer's daughter had traveled far. But now the glamour wore off. Alexander began to see Draga as she really was. There were frequent and violent quarrels. Once in public Alexander struck her. She revenged herself by swallowing poison—or pretending to. The court physicians saved her life and there was a reconciliation. In another marital spat Draga boxed her royal husband's ears.

This kind of thing did not please the Serbians nor add dignity to the palace. But the King's misrule of his people, under Draga's supposed influence, was infinitely less pleasing.

At length a conspiracy was formed among officers of the army to get rid of Alexander Obrenovitch and place Peter Karageorgevitch on the throne. On the night of June 11, 1903, the conspirators broke into the palace, fought their way into the presence of Alexander and Draga and, according to one account, ordered the King to send his wife into exile. Alexander refused, and to emphasize the refusal he clasped Draga in his arms and kissed her. The conspirators opened fire on the embracing couple. The royal lovers fell dead, riddled with bullets.

A POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA.

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231—Why do the sides of a river flow more slowly than its center?
232—Why is the lower part of a candle flame bluish in color?
233—Why will not flame pass through fine wire gauze?
234—Why is hard water made soft by exposure to air?
235—Why does a lighted candle lowered into a mine show whether or not the atmosphere there is fit to breathe?

THESE questions will be answered Wednesday. There are replies on Friday.

236 (Why is dew often harmful to health?)—It is laden with the earth's unwholesome vapors, especially in marshy districts.
237 (Why is a window pane cold to the touch, even in hot weather?) Glass tends to cast off heat, rather than store it. Thus the sun's rays make less impression on it than on surrounding objects.

238 (Why do the sun and moon look like flat surfaces?)—They are so far away from the earth that we cannot see the difference in length between the rays that issue from their edges and those which issue from their centers. All the rays, being of an apparent equal length, give a flat aspect to the bodies.

239 (Why are fog more frequent in valleys than on hilltops?)—Valleys collect more moisture than do hills and are not exposed enough to winds to allow the blowing away of the vapor.

240 (What is the difference between sound and noise?)—Notes are produced by an unequal movement of the air. Sounds move the surrounding air in equal and rhythmic vibrations. A noise, in other words, is a discordant sound. And sound is harmonious noise.

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